

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 53 to 63 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 63 Park Row.
J. AUGUS SHAW, Treasurer, 63 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates: The Evening World, For England and the Continent, and for the United States, All Countries in the International Postal Union.
One Year.....\$6.00 One Year.....\$15.40
One Month......50 One Month.....1.50

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches received by it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

VOLUME 58.....NO. 20,532

MURPHY GAUGED IT.

TAMMANY'S victory is complete. Attempts to minimize it are futile.

Tammany has elected all its candidates with the full old-time strength of its vote. Hylan's plurality is 24,427 greater than Mitchell's plurality in 1913, and more than twice that of McClellan in 1903.

Republicans in this city have four years ahead in which to realize what did it and to what disastrous extent their wretchedly bungled primary helped to split and demoralize the anti-Tammany forces.

Murphy sized up the opposition correctly. The smallness of Hylan, as The Evening World insisted, was the inverse measure of the bigness of Murphy's confidence.

The result, including the size of the Hillquit vote, is something for the city to ponder to-day in silent seriousness as an indication of what its loyalty and its sounder civic instincts must reckon with.

Other candidates were elected to other offices. But at first all else yields to the dominant fact that Murphy and Hearst have the Mayor of their choice.

The best New York can hope is that a miracle may happen. A term of two years taught McClellan that the city belongs to some one besides Murphy. It may be that a Heaven sent grace—powerfully reinforced by human pressure—can implant that truth in briefer time in a Hylan.

Was there any Tammany candidate who even ran a "close first?"

NEW YORK WOMEN WIN THE VOTE.

SUFFRAGE won yesterday in this State chiefly because of the new kindness which the war and the noble work of American women therein have gained for their cause.

The most strenuous of campaigns could not have achieved for the Suffragists this year one-half of that which their womanly aid and loyalty, brought to bear on the Nation's great task, have accomplished for them.

New York is the twelfth State in the Union to grant full and equal suffrage to women. The Suffragists can rightly celebrate their victory yesterday in this commonwealth as a long step forward, certain to have its effect even upon a conservative, reluctant New England.

The leaders of the movement in New York are to be congratulated upon a success which they themselves could scarcely have expected.

Well on to four hundred authorized words from Murphy last night! The dawn of a new era, for sure.

DIPLOMACY TO BE PROUD OF.

THERE have been added to the nation's diplomatic history few pages in which Americans can take more solid satisfaction than in what is now seen to have been achieved through the visit of Viscount Ishii and the Japanese Mission to the United States.

In recent years distinguished Japanese visitors have done their best to convince the people of this country that Japan was not biding its time to land a conquering host on the Pacific Coast and that Japan's claim to a special interest in China rested solely on geographical and ethnological grounds.

Nevertheless, thanks to the secret but indefatigable efforts of that Imperial Government which now stands revealed as the arch-expert in treacherous and trouble-breeding propaganda, the "Japanese Peril" has continued to be trundled about as a bugbear to excite American fears.

All that is now swept away. The agreement announced by Secretary Lansing shows the United States and Japan in full accord alike as to the latter's special interest in China, the recognition of Chinese independence and territorial integrity and the maintenance of the "open door" for commerce.

Instead of a dangerous rival who must be watched and warned with extra guard of warships and armies, Japan is henceforth the trusted ally of this nation—leaving the full power of both peoples free to concentrate upon the task of hammering Prussianism out of civilization.

Be it noted moreover: For ten years before the outbreak of the European conflict the Japanese scare had been constantly invoked to startle Americans to the point of war. Whereas in Europe there had been no unusual incitement to hostilities, no specific intimation that Germany was determined to test her sword.

Yet no slatcraft in Europe was strong enough to avert that which happened. No European diplomacy was skilled enough to secure what—even in this later era of which war has taken complete possession—the United States and Japan have nevertheless preserved to each other in guarantees of mutual understanding and common faithfulness to the ideals of peace.

The conjunction of the Five Pointed Star and the Black Diamond. Let the astrologists figure out what it means for New York.

Hits From Sharp Wits

The advance in the price of collars has had no effect on the appetite of the laundry mangle.—Toledo Blade.

The coal shortage, in strict accordance with the fitness of things, is to be smoked out.—Baltimore American.

What grieves the janitor is to have an excuse for keeping the apartment cold.—Boston Transcript.

The chap who courts more than one girl at a time is courting trouble.—Palo Alto Call.

Will the fact that it costs more money to make money now make it any harder to get money?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Even a strong-minded female dislikes the idea of standing up for herself in a street car.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

You can't take something from nothing, but you can come pretty close to it by taking the conceit out of some people.—Philadelphia Record.

When a man is very busy you will usually find him very happy.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

"Well, That's Over!"

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel



"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks With Girls

THE GIRL WHO PLAYED KISSING GAMES

"LET'S play Post Office!" The suggestion came from Laurie, a bewitching little girl of ten.

It was at a children's party some years ago, and I was one of the mothers invited to have tea, while the children gorged themselves on the strawberries and ice cream, so dear to their hearts. There were little guests present of ages varying from six to fourteen.

Now, "Post Office," as you will remember, is one of the so-called "kissing games," which, like "Pillow and Keys," "Clap in and Clap Out," and others of the same style, were so popular at children's parties some years ago.

I remonstrated with Laurie's mother about letting her daughter indulge in such games.

"Really, you carry your notions of primness to excess!" she retorted impatiently. "I think it is quite ridiculous to see anything wrong in mere child's play. The youngsters like these games, and there is no harm in them that I can see."

Time went on, and when Laurie was about fourteen her mother died, and she went to live with a maiden aunt, who was as uncompromising in her severe code as her sister had been lenient. Laurie was taken out of an atmosphere of loving indulgence and transplanted into a cold storage warehouse at the most critical time of a young girl's life, when the bud of womanhood was blossoming within her.

"All men are evil and not to be trusted," her aunt told her, and forbade the boy to meet boys by stealth, stealing out of the house by the back door after her aunt had gone to bed, and flirting with various youths in the garden. This practice soon became village gossip, for the boys were not above boasting. But it did not reach her aunt's ears.

Thinking that I ought to talk to the girl sympathetically and kindly, I called her aside one day.

"Now, Laurie," I began, "I want you first of all to understand that I was your mother's friend long before you were born and your happiness and good name are very dear to me."

I then went on to tell her what I

had heard about her.

"I don't know what you mean," she answered. "Mother never objected to me letting boys kiss me in the games we played as children, and I thought it was just the same now."

So Laurie's aunt, while telling her that men were not to be trusted, had never told her the reason why a girl should not permit them liberties. And any instinctive reticence the girl might have felt had its edge worn from it by the kissing games of her earlier days.

But habit was too strong with her and when a strange young man came to town to play the new pipe organ, just installed in her church, she took to seeing him late at night in the garden, as she had the others, who had gone their various ways. However, Laurie believed what he said and fell truly in love with him.

She came to me and told me, with shy, glad eyes, that Harvey wanted to marry her, and would I break the news to her aunt, which I did. She immediately sent for him.

"I understand that you want to marry my niece?" said Aunt Augusta. The young man looked both embarrassed and resentful.

"Where did you ever hear that?" he asked curtly. "Miss Laurie is pretty, and has been very nice to me, but I never considered her seriously."

"You can't pretend to me," he went on. "You haven't known that your niece has stolen out at night after night into the garden to flirt with the boys. Why, all the village knows it. And then you try to hold me up, and say you understand I want to marry her! Marry HER, a girl who has been caressed by every boy in town? I may make love to a girl like that, but I don't marry her!"

(Copyright, 1917, by The Red Wheelbarrow, Inc.)

To-Day's Anniversary

ONE of the greatest engineering projects in the world, the Suez Canal of Egypt, was formally opened forty-eight years ago to-day, Nov. 7, 1869. The canal cost \$100,000,000. The festival given by the Khedive in commemoration of the opening of the canal cost \$2,000,000, or a fourth as much as the canal. Cairo was gaily decked for the event, which was attended by the Emperor of Austria, the Empress of France and many other high personages. The engineering work of the canal was done by the direction of the great French engineer, Lesseps. The canal is eighty-eight miles long and has been widened to accommodate the larger ships of to-day.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

MRS. JARR gave her husband a questioning glance. As it was the third or fourth of a series of interrogating glances, Mr. Jarr shivered, wondering what he had been doing in the way of things committed or omitted that had caused his patient helpmeet to question him thus with her eyes.

"Well," he asked rather meekly. "Well?" she replied. "I suppose you don't know what day this is, do you?"

Mr. Jarr named it; also the date. "Does it mean nothing to you?" Mrs. Jarr inquired coolly.

"Is it the day the British Government puts out its cryptic weekly summary of ships sunk by submarines? Only a hundred thousand tons, twenty-four of the ships being under 1,000 tons, and which the account states is a most encouraging falling off in tonnage sunk, compared with the first week in last April? But how it is encouraging except to the Germans I can't imagine."

"No it isn't, that is so far as I know, for I never read anything unpleasant if I can help it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "The robberies and divorces and murders are what I read, and if you men want to get depressed read the dreadful war doings you may. But what I want to say is, if you'd give me a chance to say it, but men like you do all the talking."

"Yes, I know," Mr. Jarr broke in. "The female of the species is much quieter than the male, but what day is it, dearie?"

"Oh, you wouldn't be interested if I told you," sighed Mrs. Jarr. "Men are never interested in those things. Of course, to-day isn't really the day, but it's pretty near the day, do you realize that in a few days more it will be only a dozen years or so—I forget just exactly now—till our silver wedding?"

"Why, is that so?" cried Mr. Jarr, affecting deep interest. "How stupid of me to forget it!"

"Yes, and silverware has gone up."

INSPIRED.

"CHILDREN," said the teacher to her class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in you."

As a result of this advice, eight-year-old Richard passed in the following composition:

"We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stomach, lungs, liver, two apples, two cases and my dinner."—People's Home Journal.

The "Golden Age" of Man

By Helen Rowland.

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

WHAT do YOU think is the "golden age" of man? Not twenty-one! Because at twenty-one a man takes himself and his opinions, and talents, and his emotions, and his own importance too seriously.

He does suffer so! (When anybody is looking!) And not thirty—or even forty. Because, then, if he is married he is so weighted down with the struggle and cares of life.

And so wrapt up in business or work or ambition or domesticity, That he is not fit company for anybody.

And if he is NOT yet married he is so lonely and moody, and introspective, and restless, and selfish, That he is not fit company even for himself!

Ah, no, I'll tell you the ideal Age of Man—The age at which he is happiest, most interesting, most efficient, most delightful, most useful and most charming—It is FORTY-SEVEN!

At forty-seven a man really begins to LIVE. It is then, and not until then, That he can afford to stop striving to attain the accessories of life, And can begin to enjoy life itself!

At forty-seven A man still retains all his teeth, most of his hair, the slender outlines of his figure and all his really worthwhile illusions.

But, thank heavens, he has long ago shed his egotism, his cynicism, his foolish dreams and all his impossible expectations of life.

He knows that there is no such thing as a perfect woman, a perfect home, a perfect drink, a perfect automobile, a perfect hotel, a perfect government—or perfect happiness.

But that after all this is a pretty good old world, Full of charming women, companionable men, interesting people, delightful possibilities and joyous pastimes.

At forty-seven He still has all the hopes and enthusiasms of youth. But he no longer suffers from its poignant disappointments and bitter heartaches.

He can still thrill to the music of life—but he no longer feels the shock of pain when the song is ended.

He can still fall in love with a woman—but he is no longer at any woman's mercy.

For his love is a sane, mild, gentle, sentimental glow—Not a fierce and destroying flame.

And if the woman of the moment falls him—there are still his ambition, his philosophy, his golf, his club, his books, his favorite cigar—and another woman.

He has learned to sip the wine of life and to avoid the headache. He has learned to look at the world from a true angle and to see things in their right proportion.

And he knows that the only things really worth while Are his digestion, his conscience, his enthusiasm and his illusions. He has reached life's high-water mark!

Yea, verily, He is at the height of his power, his ability, his development and his attainment.

He is in the full glow and vigor of life—The magic moment when youth and wisdom meet In the heart and in the head.

He is the incarnation of mellow, glowing, brilliant, happy Indian summer.

And he knows in some divine way That he has twenty years more of this fruitful, pleasant, golden Indian summer ahead of him.

Ah, yes, FORTY-SEVEN is the Golden Age of Man!

For Whom the Army Camps Were Named

By James C. Young

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

NO. 22.—CAMP PIKE, LITTLE ROCK, ARK. ZEBULON M. PIKE, the man who discovered Pike's Peak, was distinguished as an explorer, soldier and leader.

His final effort to serve America cost the country a life that it could ill afford to spare. Now the memory of Pike has been honored in giving his name to the Army cantonment at Little Rock, Ark. This is the base of the 57th Division, made up of Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi troops.

On Aug. 9, 1805, Pike left St. Louis in a railroad with twenty men. His purpose was to find the headwaters of the Mississippi. They had provisions for four months.

Thus scantily provided the little party plunged into the wilderness. The region beyond the Mississippi was then an unknown land. There were a few settlements near the river, but the rest of the country was as much a mystery as the interior of South America to-day.

Pike's men pushed on, far into what is now Colorado, and there discovered the mountain that bears his name—a great, towering monument.

They were gone eight months and twenty days, obtaining charts and information that was to prove of great value. Congress afterward commended Pike for his "zeal, perseverance and intelligence." It was his indomitable spirit that made the expedition a success.

The War of 1812 found Pike stationed on the northern frontier in command of an infantry regiment. With the opening of hostilities his troops promptly moved against the enemy. Pike's regiment had part in much border fighting during the opening phase of the struggle. In 1813 he was appointed Brigadier General and placed in command of an invading force sent against the town of York, now Toronto.

Two days later he had crossed the lake and landed his men. Pike immediately attacked the enemy's positions. The foe was strongly entrenched and the action grew hot. At the height of the fray a British powder magazine exploded. So close were the Americans that many of them received wounds. Pike among the rest. His injury was seen to be fatal, and he died the same day, April 27, but not until the battle had been won.

Pike belonged to that early generation of American leaders who were scholars, gentlemen of the old school, and hardy soldiers, too. He was a man of fine intellect and commanding personality.

Rainbow Ships May Soon Sail the Seas.

AMERICAN ships leaving port may soon resemble moving rainbows. It has been proposed that the deceptive art of camouflage be adopted as a means of saving merchant vessels from the U-boats. Of course that has been done to some extent, but it now seems probable that ships will be striped with a mixture of colors which might well put a simple rainbow to shame. It is said that a vessel so painted would be practically invisible at a distance of only a mile.

One of the most successful devices so far brought forth in the game of hide and seek against the U-boats is the smoke screen. Contrary to general belief, the smoke screen is not ordinarily black, but white. Many Allied merchant vessels are now equipped to throw out these

screens in a moment of danger. The white smoke is obtained from burning phosphorus and the smoke driven forth by means of a pump. This smoke rolls out upon the water, and at a short distance looks like a mass of fog. Any one who has been in a fog at sea will know how difficult it is to see an object even at close range. So this artificial created fog gives a merchant ship an excellent chance of escape if the danger is known in time. It is regularly used by many vessels traversing the war zone as a means of precaution.

Other vessels carry a number of large canvas pierced with holes. When pursued the canvas can be thrown overboard and a different kind of smoke screen obtained. The mixture within these cases, consisting partly of gunpowder, is set off when the sea water rushes into the holes, and immediately sends forth a great volume of yellowish smoke.